



# LAST GASP COMIX & STORIES #4

I didn't tell any of the artists in here to be particularly infantile and juvenile and childish in their pieces for me, but none the less there is a definite kiddie vibe going on throughout this issue. What was formerly a serious, sober, mature approach to the sequential art medium has been transformed into a playpen for the cutesy-wootsie whims of its increasingly procreation-oriented contributors. Fucking breeders! Sing lullabies to your goddamn offspring in somebody else's comic book!

Of course, most of these pieces are not, in fact, lullabies, but are instead mean spirited attacks on the very notion of childhood innocence. They are dark, angry portraits of a world in decline, some of which use the metaphorical conveyance of obvious vulgarity to mislead the reader, until, too late, the true cynical nature of each story comes bursting out, pounding into said reader with unrelenting venom!

Or not. Who cares, anyway? The issue's done, sorry it's so late, see you next time. Oh, hey--I actually got some (hardly any, really) letters, and so I will print them and make yet more comments on the inside back cover of this issue. Send more!

## THIS ISSUE'S THEME: GOD SAYS FUCK YOU

### WHAT THEY DO

#### FRONT COVER

HAPPINESS VILLAGE

BONGO BIKER BUNNY

MISTER PONS MEETS SEWER GIRL

SMOKING DEVIL (I)

WYOMING (PT. 2)

PRETZELS THE CAT

SMOKING DEVIL (II)

PIE (PT.2)

THIS UNSHAKEABLE HAPPY FEELING

FRATERNAL TWIN GRUDGE MATCH

THE SATISFIED MAN

CUB SCUM AND CHILO

THE HIPPOGRYPH FILES

SOMEBODY ELSE'S BODY

WEDDING BELLS ARE GONNA CHIME

GLUE

BACK COVER

### WHO THEY ARE

STEVEN CERIO

BRAD JOHNSON

MAX ANDERSSON

DANNY HELLMAN

SACHA ECKES

DAVID FREMONT

RENEE FRENCH

SACHA ECKES

STEVEN CERIO

LISA ONOMOTO

STEVEN WEISMAN

BRAD JOHNSON

P. SHAW

PATRICK WELCH

STEPHAN BLANQUET

ERIC WHITE

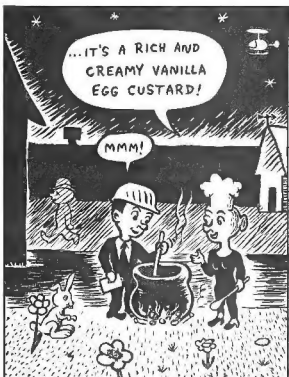
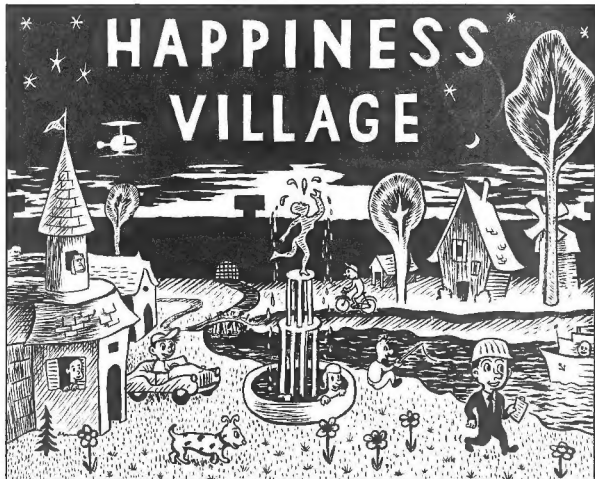
DAVID FREMONT

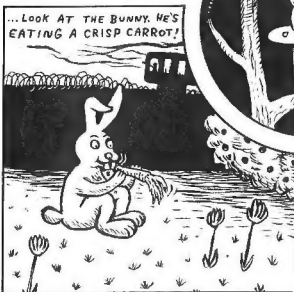
MATS STROMBERG

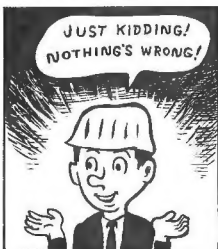
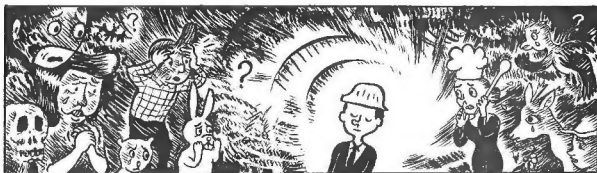
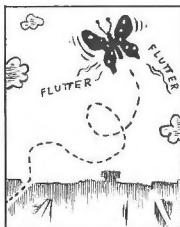
The usual artist bios are now relocated to the inside back cover, along with the letters. O.K.? O.K.!

**NOAH MASS, EDITOR**

Last Gasp Comix & Stories #4 is copyright 1988 & published by Last Gasp Eco-Funnies, P.O. Box 410067, San Francisco, CA 94100-0067. Noah Mass, Editor. Stories copyright 1996 by S. Cerio, M. Andersson, D. Hellman, S. Eckes, D. Fremont, R. French, L. Onomoto, S. Weisman, P. Shaw, P. Welch, S. Blanquet, E. White, M. Stromberg. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. ISBN 0-86719-266-2. Additional copies \$6.00 ppd. No order filled without an age statement. Dealers are instructed not to sell to minors. All models over 18 years of age. Kill the French! Another fine Art Garfunkle mean.







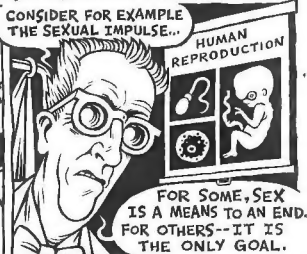
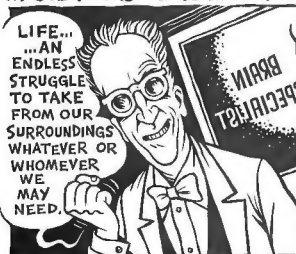
# BONGO BIKER BUNNY



M A X A N D E R S S O N



# MISTER PONS MEETS SEWER GIRL ©1996 DANNY HELLMAN





NOW YOU COME DOWN HERE...  
...TO ME...OOHHH



YOU FUCK ME NOW,  
BRAIN STEM...  
...MAKE HIM  
GROW STRONG.



GRRR!

MMM  
...THEM  
DEVILS...THEY COVER HIM IN  
CEMENT...HE SHRINK--HE  
SUFFOCATE...BUT HE NOT DEAD...OOHH



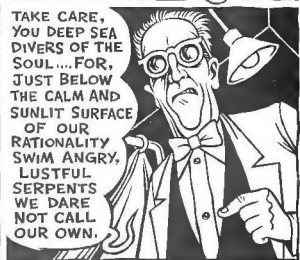
--RRR??

NNHH...HEAT OF  
SEX MAKE HIM STRONG...  
HE BREAK FREE!!



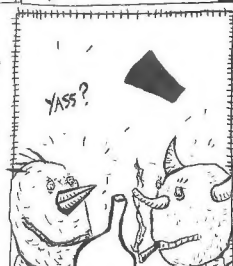
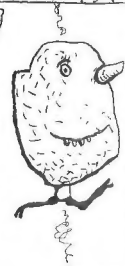
BREEENK!





....FLUSH.

# SMOKING DEVIL



© SACHA ECHE  
1995



# WYOMING



I'll bring the box and get the money...you guard the boat, Carl.



oh, good idear.  
Danny...yeah.



Good  
Luck!



Hello..I'm..Bill..  
..Dennes..Nice..  
..to..meet..you..

Danny  
Roterbog



do..you..like..my  
fancy...jumpsuit?

um



Hey, what say we do this  
transaction and call it  
a day?



let's take  
a walk

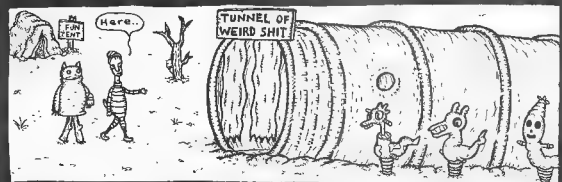


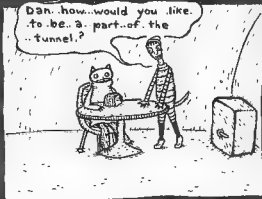
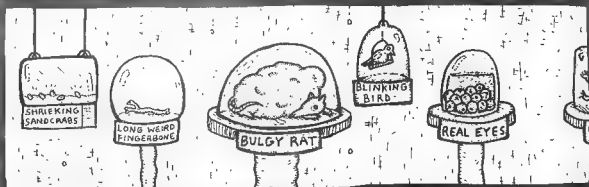
Let...me..show  
you...the...main  
attraction...of..  
my..carnival..

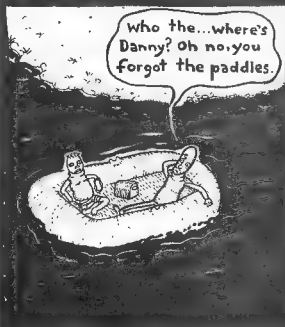
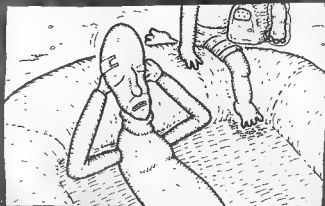
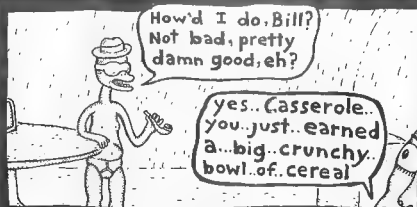


Here..

TUNNEL OF  
WEIRD SHIT



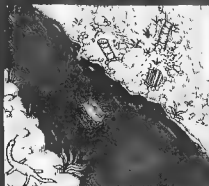




It's so my cast don't  
get wet, you goddamn  
drinker of snake piss!  
Why do you have that  
bandage on you?

A midget threw  
a rock at my head  
and it hit  
me...on  
the head.

Ha! Ha! you got  
hit by a midget!  
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!



Ha! Ha! Ha! What a damn  
wrinkle neck! Leaf eater!  
What a goddamn ball  
of stink! Lesbian turtle!

Hey! Don't eat  
that rice! It's  
for the micro  
elks!



I'm hungry!  
Fuck your  
micro elks!  
Fur Comber!



G'bye

Have fun with the  
bloodsucking Squid!

eeeee!!!



SPLASH!



OWCHOW  
OWCH-  
GURG  
BLB



I draw the line  
at "fur Comber"



Nice one, Carl.  
Hey, can I have  
some of that  
chewy rice?



WYOMING  
© 1995  
david  
fremont



END OF  
BOOK 1

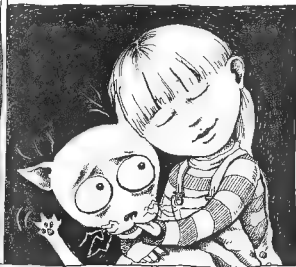
# PRETZELS

## The CAT

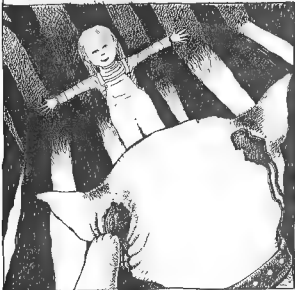
IN 1974 PRETZELS DEVELOPED AN ITCH



EACH DAY HE DEVOTED MORE AND MORE TIME TO SCRATCHING



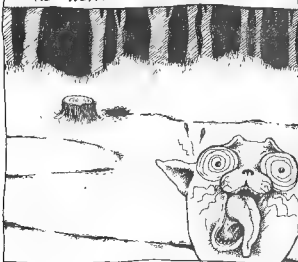
HE SCRATCHED SO HARD HE DUG A HOLE IN HIS HEAD.



HE STAGGERED WHEN HE WALKED AND HIS BLOOD WAS EVERYWHERE.



HE WENT A LITTLE NUTS

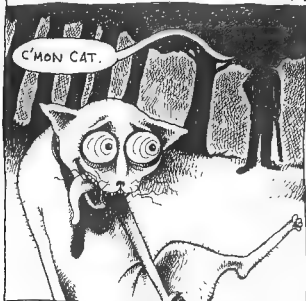


ON MONDAY I WENT TO SCHOOL.

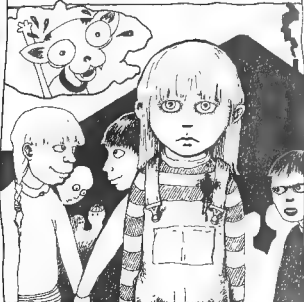




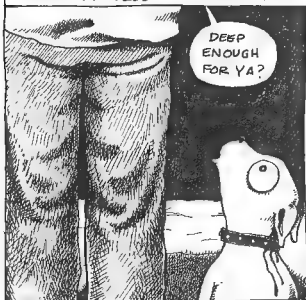
MY FATHER WAS HOME WITH PRETZELS.



HE DUG A HOLE ...



... AND PRETZELS WATCHED.



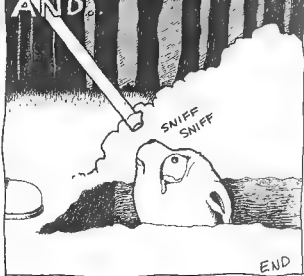
HE PUSHED HIM IN ...



AND PRETZELS SCRATCHED...



AND



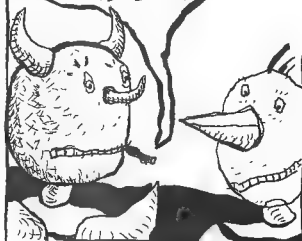
# SMOKING DEVIL

BEAK, THIS IS ROMANTIC  
YASS, JUST THE TWO OF US.  
DO YOU LOVE ME?



© SACHA ECKES '95

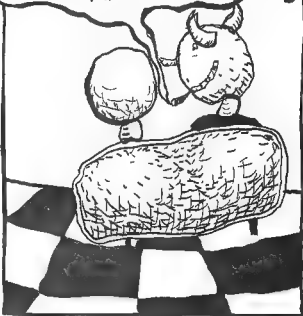
EVEN THOUGH I'M GAP-  
toothed, I USE CHEAP  
DEODERANT, I'M A 6FT.  
BLONDE BLUE EYED  
BARBIE DOLL?



YOU LOVE ME EVEN THOUGH  
IT'S NOVEMBER,  
AND THE TIME IS RIGHT?  
TO GET LAID,  
NOW?



BEAKDEAR, IT WOULD  
MEAN A LOT IF I LOVED  
YOU AS MUCH AS YOU DO ME.



DOG  
BITES  
MAN





STEVEN CERIO



As she raised above the waterline there would soon be no more sea.

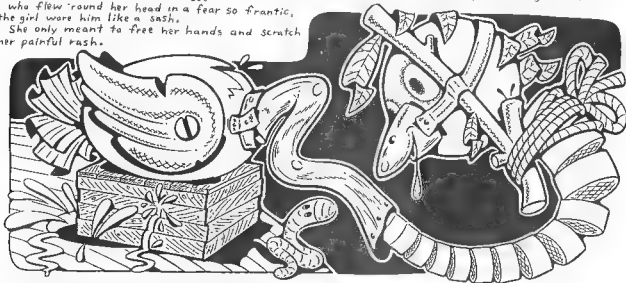
She was the plug in the tub of the world so to speak, and this so stressed the bee

who flew round her head in a fear so frantic, the girl wore him like a sash.

She only meant to free her hands and scratch her painful rash.



When the sea was all gone, their muddy world was all muck, pressed for water to fill up a spoon. She found in her heart a blameworthy part, and shot off past the pale drooling moon.

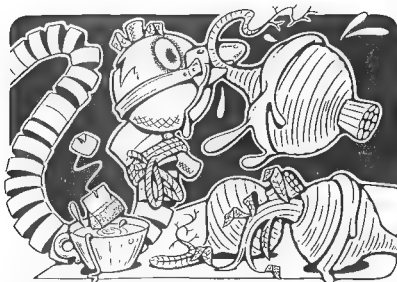


In relief she employed the Good Supper Goose sitting still on a silvery podium.

So if the sea rose again, her downy white friend wouldn't drown in the liquid and sodium.

Well, Good Supper Goose had an aspirin neck, made from a cheap household brand.

Her head was a hollowed out pelicans egg, her eyes were painted on by hand.



She just loved to sip imported green tea and eat turnips all stirky with jelly.

She ate them two days before she was hungry for more, so the food could approach her big belly.



One afternoon as our ganderous friend napped, a fiend stole her best drinking cup and left in its place a funny shaped thing that was stuck in the mud, wrong side up.



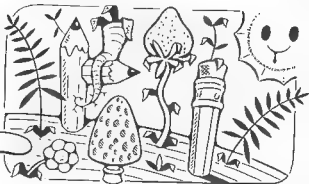
She rose from her rest when her tea time had come, and found her cup gone in her dread.

It said, "We brought our own clouds, we're pointed and steep we must be a hat for your head."

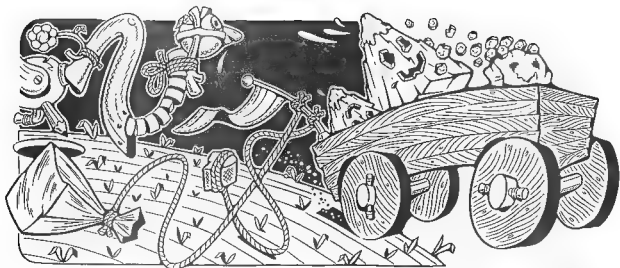
It was a tiny mountain you see, and the East was quite pleased, but the West wore a terrible frown. 'Cuz he didnt like being the runt of the pair and spending his life upside down.



Too heavy for her head, they toppled right off, the mud rippled and swelled through the day, when the crest finally broke, the sun shined for a wrille and they had such a quite lovely day.



The terra firma was mudless, it bloomed in the heat when the sun warmed its chest full of seeds it grew bushels of mushrooms and carrots and berries and flowers and pencils and weeds.



The mountain heard, "the Savior of stone" will appear... "from a small dirty handful of gravel.  
A rock chimed right in "..." on a small dusty hill.  
It will take at least three days of travel,

So Goose built a cart from her podium wood and pushed them cross valley and hills.  
She packed them a bag with a nice healthy lunch and a piece of her neck for their ills.



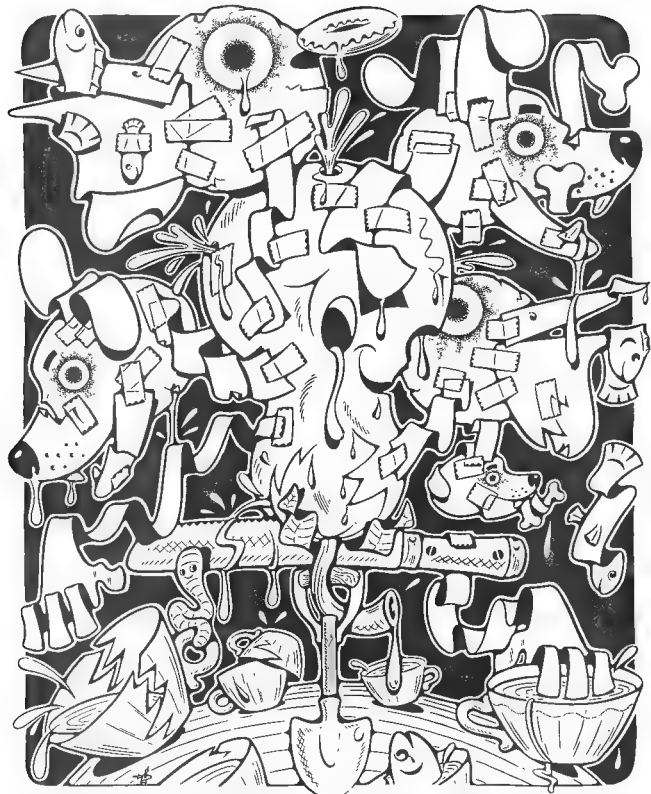
They travelled to the spot where they thought he'd appear, in all of his mercy and grace.  
They sat there and dreamt of his beard and his robe and the eyes on his beautiful face.

They imagined the ruby that made up his nose and the marble that made up his limbs.

They thought of his eyes of shiny blue quartz.  
They became tearful and sang stirring hymns.

And those hymns and those prayers they flew just like birds and they whirled and they slapped around,  
Til the devil, he looked like an icecream cone just melting off into the ground.

They sang, "glory to the Savior of every Stone", so mineral, so grand and complete,  
may his divinity bind us like aeroplane glue to his perfect perpetual feet "



The Creator appeared, an hour later than planned, balanced precariously on an old butterknife.

They refused to believe that this hideous thing was the maker that made up their life.

This god had several cut paper heads, in the shape of pelicans and retrievers.

The Scotch brand tape that hinged up their jaws fell short in impressing believers.

The dogs were a bit too excited, they chewed bones cut from an old notebook pad.

The pelicans ate fish of soft tissue paper and appeared to be malnourished or sad.

It's chest was a spoiling Bartlett pear that leaked juice on the maddening crowd.

This maker had a glazed donut halo, but no commandments, not even a shroud.







vic's

stickies

CHEWY  
STICKY  
CANDY

PRESENTS™

FRATERNAL



tween



GRUDGE  
MATCH!

the LEMON KIDS .vs. the lil' TIN STARS  
NO HOLDS  
BARRED! only on  
PAY-PER-PEEK!

WELL, VIC?  
WHAT DO YOU  
THINK?

NOT BAD, PAUL,  
I LIKE IT! BUT,  
I THOUGHT THE  
LEMON KIDS  
WERE IDENTICAL  
TWINS..?



the  
lemon  
kids

VIC! THEY'RE  
BROTHER AND  
SISTER!

..OHH, THAT'S  
RIGHT... DO  
YOU THINK  
THEY'LL GO FOR  
THIS?



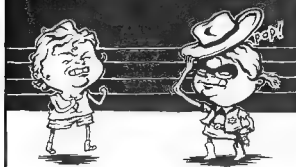
WHAT CHOICE DO THEY  
HAVE? THEY'RE UNDER CONTRACT!

WHAT?!?





...PUT 'EM  
UP, YOU. !



GÄCHH!!

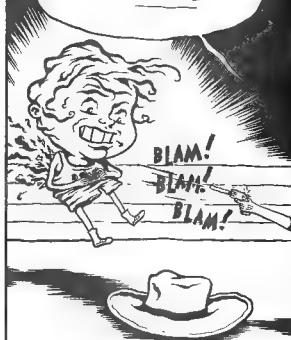


NOW, PARDNER, LET'S  
SEE HOW YOU DO THE  
MEXICAN HAT DANCE!

KOFF! ≡GASPE  
...WHAT!?



I SAID DANCE!!!



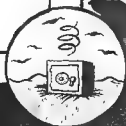
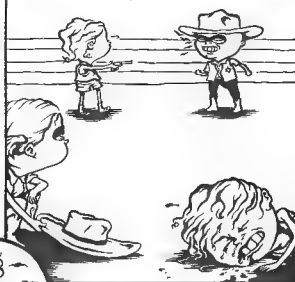
AND

I-I WON'T FIGHT YOU...  
Y-YOU'VE GOT A GUN !!

WHUT ..YER AFEEARED  
OF THIS !? TAKE IT, THEN  
.. GO ON, TAKE IT!!!



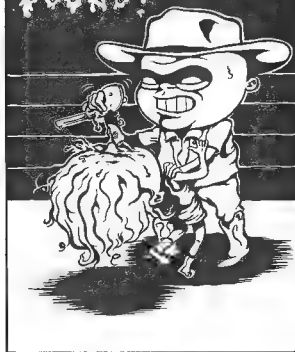
FREEZE, SUCKER!



GIMME THAT !!



POUND!  
POUND!

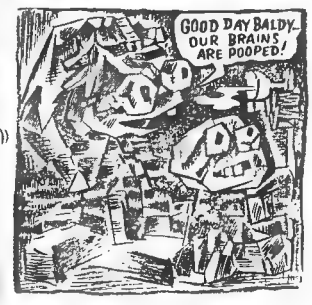
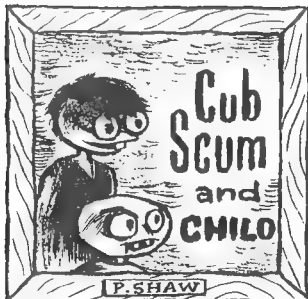




the end



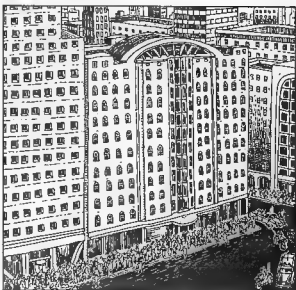
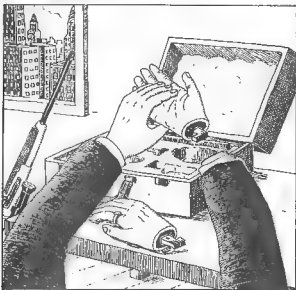
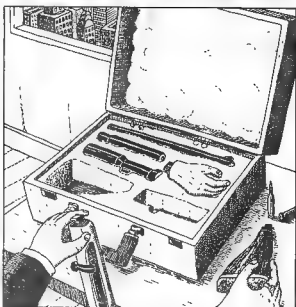
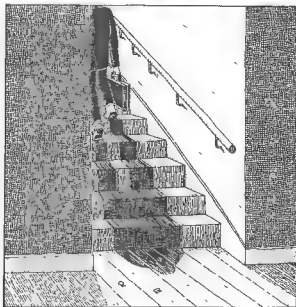
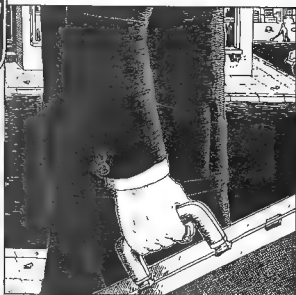








# THE HIPPOGRYPH *files*





JONATHAN HE ALWAYS WAS INTERESTED IN PARANORMAL OCCURENCES.



CHECK THIS ONE OUT! A GUY KIDNAPPED BY ALIENS!  
HE COLLECTED NEWS PAPER CLIPPINGS REPORTING STRANGE FACTS.



THEN ONE DAY, JONATHAN FOUND A PECULIAR OBJECT IN HIS GARDEN.



ABRUPTLY, HE FELT SEXUALLY ATTRACTED TO THE TOY



AND AS IF BY MAGIC AN OPENING FORMED IN THE PEDESTAL.



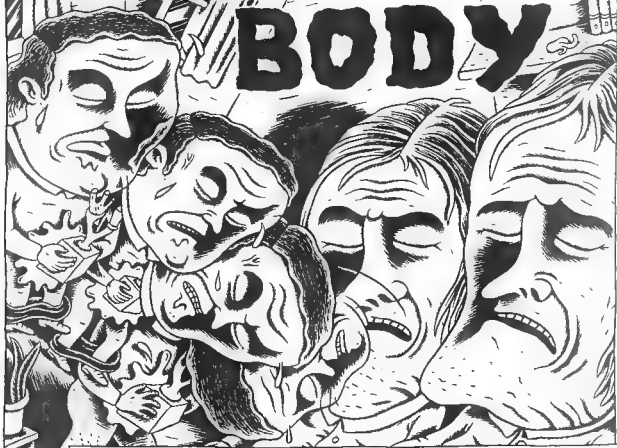
JONATHAN WENT HOME VERY EXCITED.



HE PUT HIS SEX IN THE HOLE AND STARTED TO MOVE BACK AND FORTH.

THE ACT LASTED OVER TWENTY MINUTES... IT WAS HIS BEST ORGASM EVER AS AN INTERNAL WAVE OF PLEASURE HAD FILLED HIS WHOLE BODY, BUT WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES, JONATHAN DID NOT RECOGNIZE HIS SURROUNDINGS BECAUSE HE HAD MOVED INTO:

# SOMEBODY else's BODY

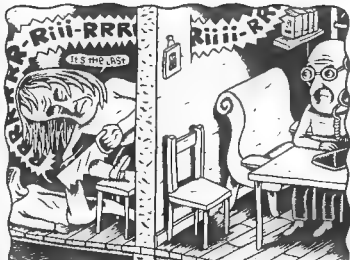


AGAIN A STRANGE STORIE BY BLANQUET & TRANSLATED BY M<sup>re</sup> GILBERT





IT WAS THE BODY OF GARY PARKER, A SADLY FAMOUS SERIAL KILLER WHO PRACTICED CANNIBALISM IN THE 80'S



HE HAD BEEN STOPPED BY THE FUZZ FOR DISORDERLY BEHAVIOR...



THE COPS HAD SEARCHED HIS APARTMENT AND FOUND THE MASSACRE.



JONATHAN REMEMBERED THAT AS HE COLLECTED STRANGE FACTS AND CANNIBALISM SURE WAS STRANGE...



NOT ONLY WAS JONATHAN IN ANOTHER BODY BUT ALSO IN THE PAST.



TWO BEINGS WERE SHARING THE SAME BODY. 3



GARY PARKER NEVER WAS RICH AND SOMETIMES DID NOT HAVE ENOUGH TO BUY FOOD.



AND SO HE STARTED TO STEAL



EXCEPT THAT SOMETIMES JONATHAN WOULD TAKE OVER THE BODY AND FLEE, LEAVING THE LOOT



SINCE HE COULDN'T SURVIVE BY STEALING, GARY PARKER (WHILE CONTROLLING THE BODY) KILLED HIS FIRST VICTIM.



HE TOOK IT HOME AND STARTED TO EAT IT... JONATHAN UNDERSTOOD THEN THAT GARY PARKER WAS HUNGRY BECAUSE HE HAD TO FEED HIM AT THE SAME TIME.



AND CONSEQUENTLY HE WAS THE ONLY REASON FOR GARY PARKER TO BECOME ONE OF THE TOP CANNIBAL CRIMINALS



SO WHEN JONATHAN WAS BACK IN CHARGE OF THE BODY HE WOULD SWIM IN SELF PITY.



AND THE MURDERS WENT ON



UNTIL THE DAY WHEN HE FOUND THE "TOY" THAT BROUGHT HIM TO THIS MISERABLE SITUATION.



HE DID THE SAME THING



AND WAS BROUGHT BACK TO HIS OWN TIME ON THE VERY DAY HE HAD LEFT IT.



AND THAT POOR GUY DIED IN JAIL BECAUSE OF ME!!...

JONATHAN THREW AWAY THE INFERNAL CONTRAPTION...



Got rid of his strange cuttings



AND WENT TO CHURCH TO DROWN IN SELF PITY...



NO END

The New & Improved  
**GLEN SLIT**  
*Wedding Bells*  
 are Going Chime!

SO TRY OUR NEW EXTRA PUNCHING ASS-PUNCH IT'LL SLAP YOUR DAMN BETTING GULLY! CALL THEM AND RECEIVE A MINI DANCING WHEEL ABOLISH LOZENGES PATROL THIS STRIPPY

EXACTLY WHAT THE LORD WANTS YOU AN ECZEMA EPIDEMIC CAN SHINE UP NEXT WE HAVE THE LATEST PORTWINE FROM SWEDEN VEG SCORCHING NOW CALIFORNIA IS BETTER ISN'T SHE?

TELEPHONE AND  
 WORKING  
 DANCE  
 CALL THE  
 829955  
 5PM 1793  
 23  
 1-800-672-3377

MONDAY  
 11:00-12:00  
 23  
 TIME REMAINING 1:58

WELL YES, HELEN, THE CERTAINLY IN! NOW THE THING I LIKE ABOUT THIS FILM IS THAT SHE IS TASTEFUL WITHOUT BEING TRENDY YES, FROM THAT'S RIGHT! THIS IS SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY!

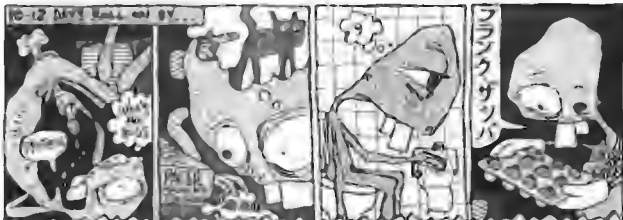
Oosh  
 You'll  
 please

FOR THREE MONTHS NOW AND LOOKING FOR A DATE BUT JUST HAVEN'T FOUND THE PERFECT ONE YET... I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND HIM! ATTRACTIVE, COME AND MEET HIM!

SHOW  
 Hello?  
 Gutenberg  
 who?  
 who?  
 who?  
 who?

WELL, HELEN, I COULDN'T HAVE SAID IT ANY MORE REITERATE LIKE SHE'S HEARING A CALLER HI, YOU'RE LIVE ON THE AIR WHO'S THIS? GLEN, HELEN! AND NOW ALL YOU THE ESSENCE!

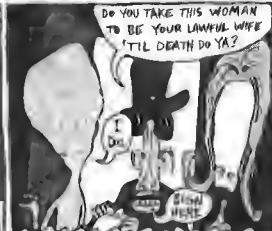
HELLO, HELEN... BUT... WELL, SIC, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU WILL BE RAPIDLY MARRIED WITHIN 10-15 BUSINESS DAYS FROM THE DATE WE RECEIVE YOUR STOLEN SAMPLE, AND DEBIT THE DUES FROM YOUR ACCOUNT!



LINE IN FOR THE MIND-A-MINUTE OR HOURS OF 'MAUDE' STARRING BOB... HIDEING THAT NO  
FATE MADE TODAY A NOT-TO-HAPPY BIRTHDAY FOR ONE CLEMOND TACO OF SHARPVILLE  
IT SEEMS THE 67 YEAR OLD'S CHINAWAS HAS NEARLY SKEARED IN HALF THIS MORNING IN A  
LAUNCHABLE INCIDENT INVOLVING SUPERHERO PERSONALITY OF THE MID-EIGHTIES! CALL NOW FOR



AN OUTSTANDING OFFER BY RUBEN ZS SMITH,  
THE MUSCULAR WING ABOVE WIFE-RECOVER FROM  
PENNA. STATE, QUOTE A HANDSOME, WEL- DOTTED FELLA  
A GREAT BALL HANDLER, ON GOD, I'M... NEW STORY  
RELEASED TODAY CHOWS THAT CATS ARE JUST THE BEST!



DO YOU TAKE THIS WOMAN  
TO BE YOUR LAWFUL WIFE  
'TIL DEATH DO YA?  
I DO  
SIGN HERE  
FINDINGS AT THE THROAT INET I'M  
PUNNY NOSE, SURE THROAT, ITONY HOLES  
YOU HAVE A TERRIBLE COLD, DON'T YOU?



hogan  
What's the  
EXPT?  
AN I YOUR DON'T... LIFE TUSAWY ANDY A MISSEPHEN  
HURRY HEAD WAS FOUND IN A HALLWAY... THANKS TO IT'S  
PATIENTLY SUPER FLYINGEEL BEGUNA, THE TEST-CATERED  
ZEROS IN ON THOSE HARD TO-TARGET AREAS... HILLGARD



miLkys?  
You Don't  
SMILE  
Good  
CLICK  
CLICK  
WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK WITH  
MORE SEXY PARAPLEGIC THINGS  
RIGHT AFTER THIS... IN A WORLD  
OF TROUBLE AND CORRUPTION...





MANILOW TWO JUICY BEEF SHANKS, PIG-PORK MEDALLIONS, BATTER-DIPPED RAT LINKS, 7 PLUGGED JUMBO SHRIMP, AND A WHOLE ROTTEN CHICKEN TORSO FOR ONLY 6.99! AT ALL PARTICIPATING SMILEY'S!



PET TRAINER BET YOUR SWEET ASS YOU'RE NOT! THE FUCKIN' DEVIL'S GOT AN ENGLISH ACCENT! I SEEN HIM 3 WEEKS AGO ON TV! So You KNOW You CAN JUST

AFTER UNTOLD ATTEMPTS TO NO AVAIL...

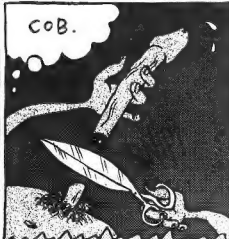


NIGHT ON MASTERPIECE THEA WHEN MY PSYCHIC PAL, BUNNY, TOLD ME I'D WIN THE INDY 500 AND MARRY A STOCK BROKER, I THOUGHT SHE WAS PULLING MY LEG. FRIEND OF MINE GOT ME TO TRY SOME POT. NEXT THING YOU KNOW, I'M STRUNG OUT ON BIKER CRANK AND BAD L.S.D. WRITING DEATH THREATS TO RICH LITTLE. BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE PARTNERSHIP OH, ROCHESTER

FINALLY, A SOLUTION.



MOUNDS DON'T IF YOU'VE BEEN INJURED WITH TWIGS, I'M AN ATTORNEY & I CAN HELP

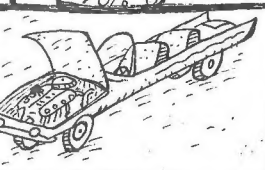


OVERWEIGHT? INSECURE? JUST PLAIN UGLY? WELL NOW THERE'S AND IT'S FUN. ART INSTRUCTION SCHOO



ANOTHER STUPID COMIC FROM THE FOLKS AT ERIC WHITE

fin



# THE INSIDE BACK COVER

## THE LETTERS

Mr. Mass:

I've been reading Last Gasp since #1. Wanted to respond, you have a great eye for Talent. Andersson, of course. The Eric White cover on #3 was perfect. Hellman is always a joy. Like to see more Eric White comix. Keep up the good work. Don't worry 'bout a theme. Last Gasp is the best compilation Comix 'round. Take care,  
Becker  
Palo Alto, CA

Thanks Becker, but I said I wanted feedback, not mere praise. Obviously Last Gasp is the best compilation comic around. Of course the cover of #3 was perfect. I'm an English major for Chrissakes! Give me some insights here!

Hey Last Gasp Comix and Stories:

How about if everyone wrote stories about electric fans? I like electric fans. The old ones especially. I have one with a fancy little lightning bolt logo. Did you know lightning grows from the ground up, on plasma streamers of positive ions released by plants and minerals?...  
Eve Triscoe  
Taughanock Falls, N. Carolina

Actually, Eve, I already knew that crap about lightning. Think you're so damn smart, don't you! Well, you're not.

... I came to my dwelling (which happens to be a haunted house) with the first 3 issues of Last Gasp & I want more. It's a hell of a lot more interesting than most (of) the local small town, small island, small mind, small life stuff here (and most places)...

Niki Albertson  
Hawaii

Don't let the bastards get you down, Niki! I'm with you, honey!

Well, that was fun. So look, I'm grateful for all types of communiques, even if yours are not very smart or interesting, so send me more next time. As usual, the address is:

**LAST GASP, 777 FLORIDA ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94110**

Send me free stuff! Thanks.

## THE ARTISTS

**Steven Cerio:** Cerio shaves his head, like me, and that makes him cool. He worked forever on both his cover and story, and God, do they look good. I don't believe this guy. I just don't.

**Brad Johnson:** A former circus trapezist, Brad now raises his young son with his charming wife, Mary, a former fire-eater.

**Max Andersson:** Max won the Nobel Prize for Comic Book Literature in 1995, and he also contributes to other publications, such as Fantagraphics' s Zero Zero.

**Danny Hellman:** Although referred to as a "joy" in one of our letters, Danny is actually a mean, angry person, with only brief moments of joy in his otherwise bleak existence. As if that weren't enough, he lives in New York City.

**Sacha Eckes:** Sacha is quite tall, which can throw some people who only know her by her cute little comic strips. She also appears in *Fifth and Ain't Nothin' Like Fuckin' Moonshine*.

**David Fremont:** Mr. Fremont was a farmer some years ago, but he has "given that shit up" in favor of, like Brad, the raising of a young child, along with illustration and animation work.

**Renee French:** The usually magisterial and aloof creator of *Grit Bath* has come down off of her high horse to wallow in the muck with the rest of us. Thanks Renee!

**Lisa Onomoto:** Lisa is a wealthy corporate lawyer, who enjoys dabbling in the comix medium to impress her friends at cocktail parties. Just kidding! Lisa's work has appeared in *On Our Butts*, and a whole slew of other places.

**Steven Weisman:** Steven is responsible for his own *Yikes!* publication, but, just for *Last Gasp*, he drew his Lemon Kids being violently attacked and murdered. All right!

**P.Shaw:** Shaw is a Boston-based illustrator, who regularly unleashes his own publication, *St. Ink*, on the unsuspecting world.

**Patrick Welch:** This former Brit is now a professor of some academic subject in Savannah, Georgia, and he is co-editor of *Thurn & Taxis*, an English comix anthology.

**Stephan Blanquet:** Monsieur Blanquet edits *La Monstrueuse*, which is French, and Erick Gilbert, who is also French, translated his story into English (and I corrected Erick's atrocious grammar).

**Eric White:** Eric insisted that I mention that he used no computer or other technological crap in the creation of his strip. He did the whole damn thing by hand, bit by painful bit. One for the Luddites!

**Mats Stromberg:** Mats is preparing another issue of *San Fran Sicko*, for those who follow the "career" of this expatriate Swede, and he has been obsessively pursuing illustration work.

## RESPECT RECIPROCATED:

Several publications mentioned *Last Gasp Comix & Stories* #3 in their review sections. Although most of these glowing notices were in the pages of high-minded art rags like *Juxtapoz*, two of the more interesting were:

**Juggs Magazine:** In which, for reasons inexplicable to me, *L.G.C. & S.* #3 was recommended on the same page (and in the same breath) as two smut comics, immediately facing a photo spread of a lactating nude woman, lustily squirting her own milk into her own mouth.

**Mike Fragassi's 'Review O-Rama':** A Web page from Indiana University's Psychology Department, in which *L.G.C. & S.* and *Zero Zero* were compared and contrasted. "Pieces are shorter (in *Last Gasp*) and have less plot, feeling more random, yet typically aren't incoherent. I'm in alien territory when I reach for lit-crit terms; none the less, I'm going to say that this is lyric where *Zero Zero* leans towards epic." Right on!

**SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE. ALL RIGHT THEN.** Another fine Art Carbundle scan.

# BADSEED CINDY

BY MATS.O!2 © 94

